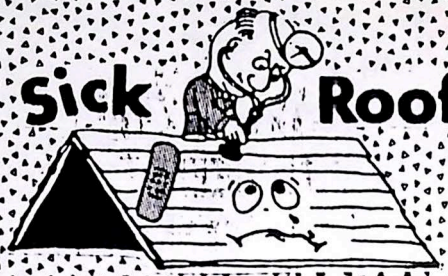
Sick Roof



Vietnam, twenty years after

any man or woman
that could live
in a tunnel
thru a B-52 strike
can keep
their country
& call me
a loser

after all,
the only dioxin
I inhale
is in tomatoes

Bill Shields
512 S. 5th St. #3A
Youngwood PA 15697

Keith A. Dodson
1256 S. Grossmont
Whittier, CA 90601
(818) 333-0512

Crotchpad Blues

The panties
stuffed in my mouth
cool
faster than my tongue
can warm.

cabinet ate, came
with pigfaced vinegar
borrowed in cowpile
shaved for fungus,
tickled the neuron for
speckled doorknob

Jake Berry

FAT

My wife and I
weren't always fat
it's true we were quite
lean.
She used to weigh just
ninety pounds and me
just one-fifteen.
But then thru time
we began to grow
and fat we got my dear,
she because of babies,
me because of beer.

Jim Conatser
2174 Chestnut St. E
Des Plaines, IL 60018

shacked

up at el rancho
motel w/roy cheney
who kept calling
his automatic
babe dora didn't
mind the silence
or the sex the
constant wind
thru cornstalks
wore he down what
finished it for
her was the human
ear he fished
from his suitcase
& set next to
the half eaten
taco on her plate
she waited for
the whiskey to
put him out black
ice packed the
interstate

todd moore
900 w. 9th st.
belvidere, il 61008

EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

Like the outside like the
nerfball like the vacuum like the
hosiery like the lubejob like the
napkin like the ladder in the
basement like I needle you

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TEACUP OF THE ARTIST
AS A BUGHOLE

Art fart: here's my asshole
3 or 4 times a week
Instead of admiring Vincent
Van Gogh
I'd rather take a leak

A streetcar named
"you're fired!"
No one tells me what to do
excuse me
I stepped in a piece of Art
I must go and scrape my shoe

Bob -Z-
c/o Sarris Bkmktg
125 E. 23rd St. #300
New York, NY 10010

Keith A. Dodson

Tubes

I lived with
and loved
a nurse
until the tubes
draining
the bodies
of her patients
dying in multicolored
splendor
from diseases
on downhill rolls
began to follow
her home
at the end
of every
shift.

caught drain
of liver spots
& ear rotted
filling a twist
of badger gland
as hanker fuel

Jake Berry

VFW

they stood right alongside us
out there in the Delta
our children
became disabled
Nam vets

Bill Shields

SEAGULL

Barbara wanted her
lips plumped up
so that she could
then
permanantly pout
so
up I jumped
and at her mouth
I pumped with both
fists till I
punched her out.

John Eberly

hollowpoint

Jake sd showing
the slug to
his girlfriend
before he
thumbed it into
the 38 lets
play the
game again she
was trying to
pull the gun
away from him
but he wdn't
let go frank
saw them dancing
on the porch
before the
shot then it
looked like
she had roses
all around
her head

todd moore
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SICK ROOF #1. A Journal of Humorous, Pathetic, and Serious Poetry. Contact: MUMBLES, POBox 8312, Wichita, Kansas 67208 USA. Price: 1 SASE.